



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**AMELIA EARHART HAS
COST US FAR TOO MUCH**

It is our belief as this is written, it will be our conviction when it is read, that Amelia Earhart is gone. We cannot deny her the hope that she carried down to death with her a triumphant satisfaction in her particular adventure of existence. We imagine that in her last conscious moments she exulted in attainment. Only such a death could have meant the fullness of life for Amelia Earhart.

We are not sorry for her. She has won, as she knew in her last thought that she had won, eternal life as measured by our sphere. It is beyond our power or wish to dim the lustre of her name on the steadfast walls of time. But we do protest the charge she made on humanity to provide her with personal joy. We protest against the tax she levied on our generation to make her matron saint of the skyways.

Amelia Earhart contributed little to the advancement of civilization as it is concerned with the charting of the atmosphere. When she completed her last flight across the Atlantic years ago she admitted she was giving nothing to the world, but all to herself. Her flying "laboratory" on this last flight aroused no enthusiasm among the scientists of the air. She has left us nothing but a temporary thrill. The mental and material price we paid for that was far too high. The anguish she leaves with those who loved her is more than she had a right to create. Untorn hearts of the future may reverence her, but we here today who went down with her have met the cost of that.

**SAN SIMON HIGHWAY
STILL "JUST A ROAD"**

"Well, it's a road."

That sums up the conglomerate comment of about half a hundred motorists who made their way up the so-called Roosevelt Highway from San Luis Obispo to Carmel during the past excitable week-end. Others, who arrived here by way of Salinas said they had chosen the regular highway because they had been warned in Ventura against the new coast road.

That's not so hot for a highway which has been ballyhooed for the past two months and the motive for a special edition of the Monterey Peninsula Herald to tell the world what a wonderful scenic route it is.

The truth about the matter is, and this CYMBAL was moved so to state it about three weeks ago, but didn't, that the Carmel-San Simeon Highway is not ready for the public, should not have been opened, probably will not be ready for another year. We haven't time to find out who is responsible for this premature rock-blasting by our governor, but we suspect that politics has its finger somewhere in the thing. If, as can well be prophesied, there are serious accidents on that road, perhaps a death or two before long, we can blame that to the source of much of our modern travail—politics. Commercialism, of course, walks hand in hand with politics and it should be given its share of the blame.

Carmel rather sourly welcomed a million or so strangers to our midst over the July 4 week-end. A great majority of them were

(Continued on Page Two)

NBC TO BROADCAST BACH FESTIVAL CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JULY 9, 1937

5 CENTS

SAIDEE VAN BROWER SHOOTS A FEW HOLES IN CITY AUDIT

**CAMPBELL RULES CITY CLERK MUST
PAY CITY FOR LOSS THROUGH
OMISSION OF ASSESSMENTS;
OPINION, SENT BY WIRE,
MAKES COUNCIL MAD**

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 7, 1937

HONORABLE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIFORNIA

MY INVESTIGATION OF AUDIT SHOWS THAT WITH EXCEPTION OF MINOR CORRECTION TO BE MADE SHAFF REPORT IS CORRECT STOP CITY CLERK MUST BE CHARGED WITH PROPERTY ASSESSMENTS OMITTED FROM ROLLS STOP TO SOME EXTENT AT LEAST SHE MAY BE ABLE TO GET OWNERS TO REIMBURSE HER STOP PENALTIES MAY BE CANCELLED BY COURT ACTION STOP NO VENAL MOTIVES HAVE BEEN PROVED STOP RECOMMEND ADDITIONAL CLERICAL HELP AND SYSTEMATIZING OF WORK IN CLERK'S OFFICE STOP DETAILED OPINION FOLLOWS.

ARGYLL CAMPBELL, CITY ATTORNEY

There's the city attorney's long-awaited report and opinion on the recent audit of the city's fund books by Clayton L. Shaff, showing the city to be out \$2,634.77 in assessments omitted, interest not charged and penalties unpaid.

There's the city attorney's long-awaited report, and if you think the council Wednesday night wasn't burned up about it, you're ally.

Councilman Joe Burge called it inefficiency on the part of the city attorney. Mayor Everett Smith was inclined to concur in the charge. "We expected a report and opinion we could act on, and we get this," he said.

Councilman Bernard Rowntree went precisely to bat in the matter when, later in the proceedings of the council, he moved that the finance committee be empowered to employ legal "or other" assistance in the matter of the audit.

To be utterly frank about it, Argyll Campbell, far away in the nation's capital, was rather tossed

around at Wednesday night's meeting.

Councilman Rowntree took another crack at him when, bringing up for the fifty-seventh time the matter of authorization for volunteer firemen to go outside the city limits to do first-aid work, he declared: "I'm not satisfied with the opinion of the city attorney about it."

So dissatisfied was he with the opinion of the city attorney that in his motion for other legal opinion on the audit, he incorporated the request for other legal opinion on the ambulance thing.

Both of which he got, hands down as you might say, the council voting aye in no feeble manner on his motion.

Argyll Campbell may stand pretty good with Jim Farley, and he may bring us back a new post office appropriation, and he may have made the first week in last November tough for John Jordan, but right now he's in bad with the Carmel city council—in awful bad.

tails as you are able to supply at this time."

THE CYMBAL will issue its Bach Festival edition next week. Every issue of this paper is swell, but this one is going to be something you will want to keep and cherish.

**DEISSMULLER TO BE BACH
OFFICIAL ORGANIST**

E. Richard Deissmuller will be official organist for the Bach Festival. This is a new feature in the concert series, enabling season ticket subscribers to hear the organ works of Bach. There will be organ recitals at All Saints Church Wednesday, July 21, and Friday, July 23. No separate seats will be sold for these two concerts, since there is room in the church for only those who subscribe for the season. Another feature offered to season ticket holders will be the daily lectures by Myra Palache at Pine Inn.

**Council Is Rather
Cold to Business
Group's Ideas**

The Carmel Business Association was well represented at the meeting of the city council Wednesday and had a number of propositions to present, and which were presented, but it left quite definitely empty-handed.

First, it wanted the \$100 business tax for the first year so arranged that it would not be returned to any business which picked up and left before the year was out. As Hallie Samson quite clearly expressed it, the kind of business establishment that couldn't last a year had better not try to get going, and is one we don't want.

Councilman Clara Kellogg expressed the opinion that perhaps the city couldn't make this \$100 levy stick before a court because such a tax is supposed to be in relation to the extent of the business, and there were few if any businesses in Carmel which had a gross turn-over warranting a \$100 license fee.

Fred Bechdolt made what in his younger and reportorial days he would have called a "stirring plea" for council action on the proposed Pasadena ordinance which is intended to raise hell with the fly-by-night business that seeks to invade local fields, clean up and get out. This referred to the proposed law to prohibit and restrict "clearance" and "trustee" sales and the like.

"This town is in for a business invasion," said Bechdolt. "And we might as well make up our minds to it. From down south of Tehachapi it's coming. Men may cry 'Peace! Peace!' but there is no peace, the next wind that blows from Los Angeles—" No, that isn't a literal quotation from Beck, but he said something like that, or would have if he had our gift, or our memory.

After discussion that didn't get to any conclusion this was passed over for some other matter, and the business group subsided for the moment.

Then, about half an hour later, Shelburn Robison arose and said his Business Association had another proposition in its request which had been read by the city clerk.

This a bit surprised the council, but it looked again and found the suggestion that the peddler's license be increased from \$3 to \$10 a day. A discussion on this brought out that itinerant peddlers injured license-paying and established merchants. Several people, including the chief of police, spoke on this, and then other matters came up and it died.

A little later somebody broke in with an idea that perhaps the council would again give ear to the Business Association and do something

(Continued on Page Ten)

**STANDS UP AND
CLAIMS SHAFF
ERRS IN 46 OUT
OF 75 COUNTS**

**DECLARES SHE IS READY TO
MAKE RESTITUTION FOR
ALL OTHER ERRORS
IN ASSESSMENTS**

Saidee Van Brower, our abiding city clerk, stood up before the city council in solemn conclave assembled, last Wednesday night and staged a trap shoot all her own—for the space of time it takes to read four foolscap pages of typewritten matter.

In that space of time, "raising her voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded", and lowering it, too, at times until you felt that she would break under the strain, she shot down exactly 46 clay pigeons tossed up by Clayton L. Shaff, certified public accountant. They were 46 out of Mr. Shaff's total of 75 clay pigeons. The score then is Saidee Van Brower, 46, Clayton L. Shaff, 29.

In other, non-CYMBAL, but decidedly clearer words, Miss Van Brower informed the city council and a good-sized lobby that Mr. Shaff, who recently completed and presented an audit of improvement district funds to the council, was all wet in 46 of his 75 items of alleged omissions of assessments on the city clerk's rolls.

Miss Van Brower arose when the time arrived for receiving and reading City Attorney Campbell's expected report and opinion on the audit. She said:

"Before the telegram from the city attorney is read I wish to make a statement. Since Mr. Shaff's audit I have been puzzled by the number and extent of the omissions of assessments he charges to me. Up until this past week-end I have been too busy to look into the audit in detail, but I could not understand how there could have been as many omissions as he states, even by errors. So on Monday, a holiday, when I knew I would not be disturbed, I shut myself in my office and went over the assessment books. I find that the auditor is wrong on 46 out of the 75 omissions he charges."

Then she raised the typewritten

(Continued on Page Three)

**CARMEL COOK ENDS LIFE
BY HANGING**

Funeral services for Jack Banfield were held yesterday afternoon at the Freeman-Rancadore mortuary in Monterey. Banfield, a Carmel resident, employed as a cook, took his life last Saturday morning at his home at Eighth and San Carlos. Burial will be in the Monterey cemetery.

brought our way through the San Simeon highway ballyhoo, whether they came by way of Salinas or up the Coast. Only in a few commercial instances were we glad to see them. The service stations and the restaurants were happy and tired, but the rest of us weren't standing at the city limits with flowers. Somebody said: "Carmel looked like Santa Cruz." It was worse than that. The fact that a fake ballyhoo created this situation makes it all the harder to bear.

MERCHANTS HAVE BECOME SIGN CONSCIOUS

Let's modestly refrain from suggesting who might have been responsible for it and rush right into the declaration that Carmel merchants have become sign conscious. The immediate result is good.

Take, for example, the new Leidig Building. Quality Market started off well with a sign that plainly tells what the place is and what it has to offer, and yet is blatant neither in size nor color. In fact, if we might be excused another little word in the ear of our friend, Kip Silvey across the street, the Quality Market sign in its main line calls attention to the fact that the place is a market, and then in somewhat smaller letters enumerates its wares. Mr. Silvey's sign reads in outrageously big letters: "KIP'S", which to any stranger tells absolutely nothing at all. For all the name means to a prospective customer, the place might just as well be an indoor golf course or a cat farm. Good business sense would change that sign for this reason as well as for the pleasing reaction such a move would get from Carmel.

Going back across the street again, we find Mrs. Inez Shepherd's drygoods store next to the Quality in the new Leidig Building designated only by a gold-leaf sign, "Shepherd's", on the window, and not on the front window at that. It wouldn't be a bad idea for Mrs. Shepherd to use the panel space above her store in front for a sign, and judging from what she has already done along this line, the nature and manner of it would certainly be pleasing.

Doc Staniford is cogitating on a sign for the panel above the front of his store and he promises that it will conform. It probably will. You can rely on Doc, than whom no pioneer of Carmel possesses greater respect for the traditions what are ours. (It's one of our mental debauches, using that "than whom"—we love it.)

But the palm goes to V. D. Graham of the *Village Five and Ten* (you are now advised) for making persistent and repeated efforts to please those who called this place their home before he adopted it as his. It was Graham, you remember, who changed his first sign from red to blue immediately on hearing adverse criticisms. And now look at the guy! He's taken down the big blue one and substituted something in the Mother Goose strain. Phil Neabitt designed and executed it and did a good job. Both he and Graham are to be congratulated.

Jimmie and Frances Doud, now in town from Santa Barbara, recently purchased the Parkes building on Dolores street, occupied by Fred McIndoe and his groceries and Vining's meat market. Jimmie and Frances (correct) are thinking about signs, but Frances has about decided that none is necessary, the window signs being sufficient.

Things are looking brighter in this sign business. Instead of louder and bigger ones, we're getting smaller and better ones. This sign consciousness is a good thing, no matter who is responsible for it.

—W. K. B.

Carmel's Third Annual Bach Festival Brings Many Noted Artists Here

Carmel's third annual Bach Festival, July 19-25, is bringing for its soloists distinguished talent of national renown. First of all there is Michel Penha, the conductor, under whose baton the 100 odd (and yet not so odd) participants play the music of Bach in the spirit of Bach.

The "In nomine Jesu", the signature which Bach affixed to all of his scores those 200 years ago, seems carried westward into Carmel as one hears the Festival Chorus proclaiming triumphantly in the magnificent "Gottes Zeit" cantata, "All Glory to His Name".

Among the solo singers of the Festival none is more important or carries a heavier role than John Daggett Howell, bass-baritone. Mr. Howell is a soloist of the San Francisco Opera whose artistry has carried him into a study of Bach scores. Of a recent San Francisco appearance Alexander Fried of the *San Francisco Examiner* wrote: "John Daggett Howell's song recital . . . was one of the most interesting and worth while events of its kind the season has produced . . . The young baritone of the San Francisco Opera Company has a fine, resonant voice."

Sign Committee Is Good Proposal of Business Group

Carmel's business men and women gather this evening at Hotel La Ribera for their monthly feed and to listen to Leon Liebes, San Francisco store owner, who will talk on "goodness knows what", somebody said, but knowingly, we have no doubt. He will probably, if we can make a guess, talk about business, in which realm he is considerably of a somebody.

There are other matters beside Mr. Liebes to be taken up or listened to. It is believed that the matter of regulating store signs will be broached. It is the view, and we consider it a mighty good view, of some members of the Carmel Business Association, that a standing committee be named which will call on new arrivals in the mercantile line and discuss with them the nature and size of their proposed signs. There will be no threats, but there will be appeals, appeals that proposed signs conform to the surroundings and thereby conform to the desires and taste of the community. This should settle the sign problem for good and all since we can't imagine any newcomer in business who would want to buck the association's wishes or those of the community.

The association meets tonight at 7 o'clock for dinner at La Ribera.

JUST IMAGINE HAVING A TOTEM POLE ALL YOUR OWN—OR ED EWIG

If you have seen the model of Dudley Carter's house in Claribel Zuck's window and have been able to resist the temptation to go down and look at the original, you're funny. Odd. Queer. Zany.

We wrote a long piece about it one day, so our editor would probably kill further rhapsody. But, before he shuts us up, just consider having a totem pole all your own. A sort of personal psychoanalyst for a door. You could keep a good sharp Boy Scout knife handy and whenever life got too much for you, you could go out and carve your grievances on your totem pole. Like writing a true confession, or going in for zoosatia. Say, for instance, if carrots were too high, you could just run out and cut a good caricature of Ed Ewig on the totem pole.

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Paulist Father Will Conduct Mission At Carmel

Rev. William A. Lynahan of the Paulist Fathers, a noted preacher of many years experience, will have charge of a mission opening Sunday morning, July 11, at 10 o'clock at Carmel Mission and continuing for a week. The Paulist mission features a question box with the evening services at 7:30 o'clock, at which time questions regarding the church, the Bible, faith and religion will be answered. A question box is placed at the entrance of the Mission and persons of any faith or no faith may send in questions and will be gladly answered.

The mission will open at the 10 o'clock mass. Mass will be said each day at 7:30 o'clock in the morning and will last only 30 minutes, in order to enable working people to attend.

Following is a list of the sermons for the week: Sunday night, "The Value of the Soul"; Monday, "Life's Greatest Adventure"; Tuesday, "Is One Church as Good as Another?"; Wednesday, "Which is the True Church of Christ?"; Thursday, "The Confession of Sins"; Friday, "Why I am a Catholic"; Saturday, "Communism and Christianity".

The mission will also feature the dedication of the parish to Our Lady of Mount Carmel whose feast day falls on July 16. Carmel got its name in 1602 at the time of Viscaino's expedition and it is most appropriate that Our Lady should be especially honored here.

Father Michael O'Connell welcomes all people to the Mission San Carlos.

Will someone please tell us, who is the short gentleman with the red Russian blouse who was at the Monday night performance at the First Theater? Our reportorial nerve left us as we started to ask his name and we are consumed with curiosity.

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? Not The Cymbal.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

There was a dearth of news in dogdom over the Fourth because most of our canine Carmel natives took advantage of Independence Day to seek the comparative safety of the deep woods—far from the dangers of fireworks and trailer tourists.

The other day Louis Conlan was feeling in a very benevolent and philanthropic mood—so he decided to get a dog. He went over to the Humane Society shelter and picked out a little black dog—very thin, very dirty, the perfect object on which to indulge his philanthropy. Louis took the little waif home, where he bathed him and brushed and fed him exceedingly well. Then he dressed him up in a brand new harness and took him down to the Western Union office to show him off to Bob Smith. Bob took one look at the now dapper little fellow and dashed out of the office, to return a second later followed by the entire Pine Cone staff. Pandemonium broke loose, with much shouting and barking and yelping, and everyone talking at once. When the confusion died down, Louis discovered that the waif was really not a waif at all, but Alf Miller, the missing mascot of the Pine Cone. So now Louis is out a dog, three dollars and a brand new harness. (He magnanimously donated the harness to Alf.) Nevertheless, we nominate Louis Conlan for honorary membership to the "Protective League for the Underdog" for his "beau geste".

A great fluttering of hearts has been caused among the canine fair sex by the gay dogs in effigy that serve as posters to advertise the Del Monte Kennel Club's show to be held July 24. The advertising committee of the show has been besieged by young ladies, and old ladies too, who want to know the names (and phone numbers) of the handsome fellows who posed for the posters. The models are all very attractive, but the Dark Gentleman who posed for the French Poodle poster seems to be the one who has

most intrigued the fancies of our village maids.

Chief Kneass left the village the other day on a trip to Georgetown, Colorado, with his master, Bill Kneass. He rode away in a blaze of glory in a specially prepared compartment in the back of the car. Chief has hopes of at last realizing his secret ambition to become a full-fledged cowboy. (He is well-known about the village for his imitation of a certain Mr. Crosby.)

That handsome young cocker spaniel who is the latest addition to the household of Betty Moorhouse has been named "Major Timothy Timberlake" after the character played by the dashing Blackie O'Neal in "Tatters the Pet of Squatters' Gulch". The "Major" already shows signs of living up to his fascinating namesake.

Happy Huffman is the most unhappy young fellow in the village—for he has been wrongfully accused of causing the demise of a kitten who lived in the neighborhood. Poor Happy sits dejectedly, tied to his house, woefully taking the blame for a crime of which he is innocent.

Pongo and Jock Catherwood were delighted to learn that the small cocker accidentally run over by their master, Joe Catherwood, several weeks ago, is getting along nicely and the broken leg will soon be as good as new.

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City Clerk Shoots Holes in Audit

(Continued from Page One)
sheets she held and began to read, in very small part as follows:
"City Clerk's Report: Re: Report of Auditor: Note: After careful checking (three checkings) of the list of certain property, stated by said Auditor to have been omitted from the Roll: I would state the following: Erroneous Statement by said Auditor:

"First Sewer Series A: 1926 Roll: Lots 9-10-11-12: Block DD: Addition No. 1: Flatum. NOT OMITTED from the Roll. See No. 338 on 1926 Roll."

Then she read on in this wise, setting forth each charge of omission, listing the lots and the block involved, the name of the owner, and ending with "NOT OMITTED" in strong voice and giving the reference to substantiate her statements.

She listed 46 individual pieces of property. She went on, it seemed, interminably, and as she read the expressions of surprise waxed deeper and more set on the faces of city legislators and just ordinary citizens in the lobby.

Could this thing be? seemed the question in the minds of everyone in the room.

When Saides finished and sat down, there was a long silence. The members of the council stared into their respective laps. Finally Joe Louis of THE CYMBAL thought he had a pointed question, rose and asked it.

"Mr. Mayor, may I ask the city clerk if these references she makes to the assessment rolls to substantiate her claim of error on the part of the auditor were accessible to Mr. Schaff while he was making the audit?"

Miss Van Brower replied:
"They certainly were. He had all the assessment rolls in his possession during the audit."

Then she arose again, and added:
"I should like something to be done about the audit. I want to get this off my mind. I have the new assessment rolls to make up. They must be ready by August 1. They will be ready by August 1 if I have to work nights and Sundays to do it."

Joe Louis arose again at this point. He asked:

"Would it not be possible for the city to accept the county assessments and thereby obviate all this work on the part of the city clerk?"

Mayor Smith answered:
"It would. We could have the assessment roll up in a week if we did this."

"Why don't we do it?" asks Louis.

"The council has no authority to do it," answers the mayor. "It is entirely up to the city clerk."

"Why doesn't she do it, then?" Louis again.

"She won't do it," whispered one of the councilmen over the rail to the lobby.

"I would like to ask the city taxpayers if they would like me to do that," Miss Van Brower said.

Then followed considerable discussion, entered into by A. C. Lafrenz, Hallie Samson, Kent Clark,

Del Monte Presents Stars in Swim Meet At Roman Pool This Sunday



Helen Crenkovich and Patsy Robinson of the Fairmont Club are two of the aquatic champions who will compete at Del Monte Sunday.

An even dozen of the top swim stars of the Pacific Coast will compete in the annual Del Monte invitational championship July 11.

Dorothy Sunby, Marie La Montagne, Barbara Wallace, Lorraine Lambert, Patsy Robinson, Helen Crenkovich, Peggy Neal, Marin Jeppesen, Elton Stone, Frank McGuigan, Clyde Diaz and Norman Hanley will compete. Races will start at 2 p. m.

Events on the card include the 50 and 100-yard free style, the 100-yard backstroke, diving competitions and a comedy diving exhibition by Diaz and Hanley, Olympic Club ace, who will present an "aquatic mystery" entitled "The Phantom".

A four-cornered battle between Sunby, La Montagne, Wallace and Neal is seen for the free style events.

Dot will defend her 100-yard title against Miss La Montagne, who

copped the Pacific Coast title at Del Monte in March, Miss Wallace, who recently won the junior Pacific Association crown in the sensational time of 1:04.4, and Miss Neal, Junior National 100-yard free style champion.

Also entered in this event will be Patsy Robinson, a consistent performer in anybody's meet and Miss Crenkovich, a champion water-churner as well as diver.

The backstroke event again will find Dot defending her title. Chief threats will be Miss Jeppesen, winner of the event in the Pacific Coast championships, Lorraine Lambert, 50-yard backstroke record holder, and Miss Robinson.

Elton Stone, Frank McGuigan and Miss Crenkovich, ace diving stars of the Fairmont Club and holders of scores of titles between them, will present diving exhibitions between races.

Joe Louis and members of the council.

Out of this came the conclusion that accepting the county assessment would make no difference in taxes, would create a better taste in the mouths of property owners because their property valuations would be the same as to city and county, and that the city could just as well tax on one-third of the valuation as it now does and let the county tax on 50 per cent as it does.

"And in case of any possible injustices individual taxpayers would have the city board of equalization to appeal to," said Kent Clark.

But the city clerk was adamant. It appears that she refuses to accept the elimination of labor this would give her, and persists in her complaint that she has too much work to do, accountable, she offers, for some of her mistakes, as set forth by the auditor.

Councilmen Burge and Rowntree pointed out to her that two months ago additional help was offered her in the form and person of the deputy tax collector, but she had refused it. Miss Van Brower

declared that it had not actually been offered and that Mr. Hefling, the deputy, had not made any attempt to help her.

The thing ended nowhere as far as a settlement of the whole matter is concerned, but Rowntree's motion that legal assistance other than Argyll Campbell's be obtained in untangling the audit situation went through as on greased ways.

After the meeting Miss Van Brower informed THE CYMBAL that she was prepared to make restitution to the city for any money lost through assessment errors made by her.

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Dyer-Bennett Will Give Concert Here

Richard Dyer-Bennet, who is remembered by many for his recital in January of this year at the home of Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, will return for a public performance Tuesday, July 13, at the Golden Bough Greenroom on Casanova between Eighth and Ninth, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening.

Dyer-Bennet sings folksongs of all countries, and accompanies himself on an instrument modeled after the ancient lute. He is called the "Lute Singer" and interprets the spirit and tradition of the ancient troubadour.

Well known in the East Bay, where he lives, Dyer-Bennet has traveled extensively and given recitals in many cities along the California coast.

His sponsors in Carmel are Miss Rowena Beans, Miss Abbie Lou Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Comstock, Mr. and Mrs. William Dekker, Henry Dickinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sumner Greene, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea, Miss Tilly Polak, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Mrs. Walter B. Snook, Noel Sullivan, Frank Wickman, Mrs. J. L. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Fritz T. Wurmann.

Admission will be 75 cents and 50 cents plus tax.

+ + +

Mrs. J. L. Nye is entertaining her friend, Mrs. Stonecypher, at her home here. Mrs. Nye has received word that her son, John, has

Federal Project Wood Panels Go South

Three carved wood panels from the Carmel Federal Art Project will be exhibited at the Stendahl Galleries in Los Angeles beginning July 15. The sculpture show will include work from the art projects on the Pacific Coast.

Dudley Carter's six-foot redwood panel of a bear and an Indian hunter will surely cause comment, not only because of the fine design but also because the relief is carved on a curved piece of wood like the outer bark of a tree.

"The Net Making Lesson" is the title of the small pine relief, carved by Remo Scardigli, which will also go South for the show.

The above two panels have been in the Carmel Federal Art Gallery for several months but the third in the group is a new Roy Zoellin relief in redwood called "Music". There is nothing classical implied by this title since the representation is of two little girls, one tuning in on a radio and the other just starting to dance. Zoellin is able to disregard strict anatomical features in his figures because he knows and understands his anatomy. He rounds his children's figures with a sure chisel and his forms show great technical ability.

arrived in Kobe, Japan. John is traveling with Ronald Johnson, recently of the Pine Cone staff.

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July 9, 1937

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT
The guaranteed net paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of July 2, 1937) was as follows:
CARMEL DISTRICT
Paid Subscribers.....344
Newstand and Street Sales.....272
Total, Carmel District.....616
OUTSIDE CARMEL DISTRICT
Paid Subscribers.....138
Total, Paid Circulation.....754
Gain over previous week.....64
(The total paid circulation of THE CYMBAL in the Carmel District—Carmel, Carmel Highlands, and Pebble Beach—is far in excess of that of any other Carmel newspaper.)

TEN YEARS AGO

this week

From The Cymbal, June 29, 1927.
The Giants won the Abalone League pennant ten years ago. Here's the first paragraph in THE CYMBAL's story on June 29, 1927:
"The Giants walked away with the championship of the National League on Sunday when they defeated the Reds decisively, 11 to 2. While the game was not as one-sided as it sounds, it was pretty bad. In the last half of the first the Giants started in, Ammerman drawing a walk, and stealing second and third. Pete Conlon hit and May got a two-bagger. Les Lecron, playing first for the Giants, got to first on an error, but was unable to score. The Reds couldn't score in the second, but the Giants kept up the good work, Lola Nichols hitting a two-bagger and coming home on a passed ball. Woody Rowntree hit, Jimmy Doud got a two-bagger and stole third, and Ammerman walked again. Conlon hit to left field and stole third. In all, four runs were tallied."
There are a few of the great listed in the foregoing. Lola, for instance, who's still around, but not hitting two-baggers; Pete Conlon and Ammerman. And it so happens that Jimmy Doud is at present with us, making a little visit, up from Santa Barbara.
Remember Woody Rowntree or, rather, remember Madeline, Woody's doll-in-a-teacup wife. She used to wear the biggest ribbon bows on the front of her blouse or something the world has ever seen.
Glancing on down the rest of the story, we read: "Bert Heron was

heard to utter sadly, 'One, two and a third in your bosom', as he left the field, and whether he was referring to the game or learning the second act of 'Romeo and Juliet' no one knows."
Then we come to:
"George Ball then took Thompson's place at first for the Tigers, and Sheridan hit, but Glenn Leidig's two-bagger didn't bring him home."
This appears to have been the second game between the Shamrocks and the Tigers, and such personages as Kit Cooke, Halsted Yates and Ernie Schwenger are prominently mentioned.
There was a Forest Theater and Theatre of The Golden Bough battle on during this week in 1927. Ted Kuster was announcing the production of "Captain Applejack" July 1, 2 and 3 at his Ocean avenue playhouse while George Ball's players were to stage "If I Were King" in the Forest Theater July 2, 3 and 4. We remember quite distinctly that they did. The editor of THE CYMBAL recollects having seen "Captain Applejack" while at the same time he was a supernumerary in "If I Were King". In the latter he remembers that Herbert Heron was well as King Louis and George Ball and Katherine Vander Roest outstanding in Villon and the princess, respectively.
In "Captain Applejack" there were such true and tried troupers as Ted Kuster, Tom Bickle, Tommi Thomson, Guy Koepf, George Seidenbeck, Gay Newby (now Mrs. Ted Kuster) and Peter Friedrichsen.
Incidentally, THE CYMBAL that week carried an editorial commenting on the temerity of Ted Kuster and George Ball announcing productions each to run three and four performances. We said we doubted if they would be able to fill their houses for all these performances. Whether they did or not we don't remember. But we still think it was an overly sanguine thing to do.
NO APOLOGY FROM JINNY; JUST EXPLANATION
My dear Editor:
At the tail end of a review we wrote on Felix Payant and Helmut Hungerland in the June 25 issue of THE CYMBAL we did an unpardonable thing. Instead of writing the last sentence, as well as the others, for all readers of the paper, we wrote: "And by the way, Mr. Hungerland, the word is finicky, not 'finicle', for just two people, Hungerland and Payant. As we said earlier in the article, Hungerland has been in this country only since last November. Some of his pronunciations are a bit weird. We were telling them about a real Chinese restaurant in a basement in San Francisco Chinatown. We asked if he were finicky about the places he ate in. 'What is this finicle?' he asked us and we explained. And he wasn't. But he still couldn't get the accent off the icle part."
Several people have told us that there is such a word, only it is spelled finical. Well, maybe we didn't know about that one, but it wasn't the one we wanted, anyway.
—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI
La Collecta Club met this week at the home of Mrs. Andrew Sessink. Stories and poems were read and refreshments and a social hour followed the meeting. Mrs. Louise Rash will be hostess at the next gathering, July 21, at her home on Lincoln and Fourth.

Cootes Are Back To Re-enhance The Avenue

Now you will be able to see that lovely Mrs. Cootes and her husband, the Major, going about our town again and that ought to do something to compensate you for some of the too-strange faces on the avenue.
Returning from a three months' visit to the Far East, where they spent the larger portion of their time with the Colonel Stilwells at the American Embassy in Peiping, they are full of enthusiasm for the land, for their hosts, and for the Chinese people, whose customs and manners they admire and whose bargaining ability they highly respect. Mrs. Cootes regrets that she didn't have the customary year in which to conclude arrangements for having the ownership of a small picture graciously transferred from a certain elegant Chinese merchant to her charming self, and had to buy the thing practically outright in three months. She said she explained carefully to him the difference in the mores of the two countries and hoped he would realize that haste was good manners in her own country.
The Major busied himself with making moving pictures which, along with the Charles Sumner Greenes and the David Albertos, we were privileged to preview. The Major has a sense of the drama in beauty and ought to be a newswreel man. Anyhow, he did give a jolly little show.
Well, they had a good time and here they are back and charmed with their new adobe house—as they should be. We sat on a sawhorse in the living room and paid compliments to Hugh Comstock and talked, not for publication, on politics in the Far East and silks and china and bargains. We forgot to ask them the silly question about being glad to be back. —L. S.

There's Considerable in What Press Agents Say About Carmel Woods

You have to admit this about Carmel Woods, which is being press-agented right now as a most desirable site for homes, it was selected by the early padres who journeyed over the hill from Monterey as the route of their Twelve Stations of the Cross. This is something. The padres had a way of picking beautiful spots for their prescribed halts on the trek from across the hill to the newly-established mission at the mouth of the Carmel river, they certainly were choosy.
Now, in emphasizing Carmel Woods again for the attention of prospective home-owners on the Carmel side of the Monterey Peninsula, the Del Monte Properties Company is harking back to this wisdom and esthetic sense of the early Catholic fathers as a good example to follow.
As a tract of land desirable for home sites, Carmel Woods was opened up in 1922. At the time there was a pageant which started in the Carmel business section and wound up San Carlos street to the statue of Junipero Serra, designed and executed by Jo Mora. The district took a holiday in celebration of the event. Father Mestres unveiled the statue, George Sterling was author of the dedicatory poem, read by Susan Porter, and William T. Kibbler, then the chief Carmel mogul in his official capacity of mayor, held out the civic hand of fellowship to the new addition to the physical community. Quite a day it was and now the Del Monte Properties Company, calling attention to its sloping, wooded, ideally-located tract, points back with pride and, justifiably, ahead with assurance, that this will one day, and not long distant, be the swell home community of the district.
Carmel Woods is ideally located, too, for play purposes. It has the

Del Monte Forest at one elbow, the beaches and Pebble Beach under its chin, so to speak, and along its spine runs the San Simeon highway to all points north and south. Pretty swell, we call it, and quite natural that the homes already constructed there are those of discerning, artistic and, we might add, nicely imaginative people.
WILLIAM ROSE BENET BRINGS MILLS STUDENTS HERE
William Rose Benet, poet, author and lecturer, will accompany a group of students from the creative writing class at Mills College summer session, on a tour of the Monterey Peninsula, starting today. The group will visit historic spots in the district, including the Robinson Jeffers home, the Mission and the Robert Louis Stevenson house. Saturday afternoon they will be entertained at the Pebble Beach home of Mrs. F. A. Ingalls, chairman of the Associated Council at Mills College. Susan Porter of Carmel will speak to them on "Irish Legends".

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CLANGING CYMBALS



Time fidgets on somehow, ticking itself off in various ways—by day, by hour, by minute, so that we seldom take especial notice of its incredible swift winging. We say, Dear me, can it be Christmas again! with no particular emphasis in our minds. But when we open our Post Office box every third month and find the blue card from Mr. Jim Farley announcing our indebtedness to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, we are always simply aghast at the pace it makes. The man behind the bars up at Mrs. Carver's place says we aren't the only one, either. He says people come and hand him the card, saying it must have got in by mistake. Once he had to haul out the old records to convince a woman it had been the allotted time since she doled out her last sixty cents to the U. S. Government. Then she muttered something about the New Deal, as if Mr. Roosevelt had been appropriating great gobs of time, just like that.

Our good friend Professor Leland Chapin has shed a new light for us on that great American phenomenon, the Football Hero. Now and then, while taking his doctorate at the University of Edinburgh, Lee comes back to Stanford to wangle a stipend out of the English department and coach debaters. He says the Football Hero too often comes to the university under the shadow of being supposed to be dumb. Folks expect him to be a dud in his studies, when generally he is about the average run. Lee says he has one this year, though, who comes up to the lowest general opinion. Great strapping fellow and doing mighty well on the field. Looks like a heavyweight and growls out of one corner of his mouth. But pretty dumb and childishly eager to get on in his studies.

Not long ago, Lee assigned a casual little subject to him, being unable to fit him to a major squad. Resolved, that the salt of the earth has lost its savor.

This had the lad for a minute. "Well, say, Chapin," he scratched his head, "Where do I get the dope on this baby?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," Chapin said, turning to his desk. "It's in the Bible. You might speak to the chaplain about it."

A couple of hours later the Football Hero came tearing back to Lee's office.

"Well, Chapin, that's a good one. Jesus Christ said that—about the salt losing its savor, y'know—and, by Cricky, he was dead right. The salt has lost its savor."

"Well," Lee temporized, "I didn't mean for you to take it so seriously. Only that some of the old customs, old morals, may have lost some force."

"But I tell you, Chapin, I got the cold dope on this. The salt has lost its savor."

Three years ago today we took the most remarkable walk of our life. We write about it because we should like here to record a beautiful and memorable experience.

From the top of Chew's Ridge the great bowl of Tassajara opened up a new world to us. The yucca were in bloom, stately upon the mountains. In the heat the far Black Cone of the Santa Lucias seemed tremulous in his might. We

shifted our gears and started downhill. About halfway to the Hot Springs the car began to roll beneath us and we suddenly went off the road three hundred feet into the canyon below.

When we got out of the burning car, we knew that our companion was hurt and that we must go for help. Here, we disclaim all responsibility for our subsequent action. From the moment we stood on our feet and knew that we could move, we acted under a dictation not our own and only in recognition of which we are willing to record our experience at all.

We do not speak loosely of miracles. Perhaps no other will happen to us than the strength accorded us that day to climb those three hundred feet of shifting rock, back up to the road. In crowding out of the half-opened window of the car, one shoe had been lost. Putting our hand automatically to our head, we encountered, with no surprise, bare frontal bone and blood. We did not look up, but taking one step at a time from perilous foothold to perilous foothold, we climbed. Once we came to water, flowing from the broken rock, and swept one hand through its fall, splashing it on our head. Once we could find no footing at all and crawled on our belly in shale. The last three or four feet up were of perpendicular rock. No strength that we now know as human propelled us there. But we landed, face down, on the road bed.

Upright, all the cunning and the lucid thinkingness that ever come to man in his extremities, asserted themselves. We must give some sign, that others passing might be warned to look down into the gorge and discover our companion: so we drew the one white shoe we had kept in our hand across the flowing blood and hung it on a twig over the road. We must protect our bare feet, in order to have use of them; so we removed our dress and, unable to tear it with our trembling hands, ripped it into lengths with our teeth and bound our feet with bright blue linen. We must staunch the blood that was obstructing our vision; so we wound our head with the last piece of cloth. We must not overtax ourself at first; so we felt carefully across our diaphragm, settling ourself into that right center of gravity for walking downhill. We must not hurry. We must not hesitate. We must not think.

In the clear light of these immediate compulsions, all the responsibilities of the world sloughed away and a great and commanding peace fell upon us. The sun beat down ceaselessly, engulfing us in a source of warmth and power. The pebbles in the road were searing hot. Terrible pain was in our body, but casually. Terrible beauty was on the mountains, keen and clear in our sight. The many fogs that obscure our daily living cleared and we were able to look upon life from some unexperienced eminence. To our great surprise, facing the present possibility that we might at any moment sit down beside the road in the sun and die, we found that our conduct of life had not been as bad as we thought. Many foolishnesses we felt forgiven us; many we forgave. We saw the men and women whom we had known and judged in a greater compassion than we can well recount. We did not feel significance, but neither insignificance. Now and then we touched our tongue to the blood that ran to our lips. We perceived clearly the progress of the ground squirrels along the ruts by the road. Each

little ridge of earth, each leaf on the bush, each thread of shimmering heat, held for us the overpowering wonder of creation.

Then our Mother who, some time ago, had crossed the insuperable barrier, was walking with us. Her blue and white percale dress was worn a little at the neck and she walked with the half crooked lilt she had got from breaking her arm when she was seven. Her short, worn fingers hung pleasantly at her side as we had seen them so many times in our walks together. She looked out upon the world, as ever, with her secret smile of peace and chatted of the things most wondrous to her. The familiar things. Of how, now that haying was over, she would have time to go blueberrying with us. Of Kitty's foal and the chances of her winning a prize at the county fair.

I must find time to finish that hooked rug before the fair. I think it's pretty, don't you?

It is possible we might have stopped for that increasing pressure of pain within us, but she hadn't noticed and one disliked to call her attention to little things. Once we looked slyly back to find a trail of blood behind us, but she kept her face forward and we in step with her. When we stopped to shed the intolerable burden of our wrist-watch on to the road, she stood and waited, gazing upon the beauty, the little wrinkles about her eyes, that we had learned by heart when we were yet too young to know their meaning, caught up against the sun.

Poor Dad, she said, hurrying a little, having to wait for his supper while we go gallivanting.

The shadows crept longer across the ridge, proclaiming afternoon. Munificent and utter joy encompassed us. Secretly, we stole glances at her, of deep love and satisfaction. Even when we dropped to our knees, knowing that we must travel thus a while, she only kept our slackened pace and smiled.

When we were picked gently up by a stout forest ranger, a few tears came with the blood. Oh, now, don't cry, the ranger said. You're okay.

How could he know that all our sorrow was that at the sound of his footstep, she had gone into reachlessness again?

—LYNDA SARGENT

+

Catherine Turney of Pasadena has taken a house on Camino Real for the month of July. Miss Turney is a playwright. "Bitter Harvest", her play about Lord Byron, was recently produced in London and received high praise. Miss Turney is the niece of Captain and Mrs. DeWitt Blamer of Carmel.

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DAILY REHEARSALS START SUNDAY FOR FESTIVAL

Starting Sunday, July 11, there will be daily rehearsals for the Bach Festival. Michel Penha, director, will arrive from Los Angeles early Sunday morning and will remain in Carmel until after the Festival.

Ralph Linsley, pianist, who will play in this year's Festival, arrived in Carmel yesterday. Linsley has been in the Festival for the last three years, and is well acquainted with this year's director, since they used to play in a quartet together.

All of the soloists for the Festival arrive this week. Among those coming will be Olga Steeb, Lillian Steuber, Alexander Murray. In fact, the town will be so full of musicians that you can expect to have the boy who delivers your Saturday Evening Post or your groceries sing a Bach choral while he knocks at your back door.

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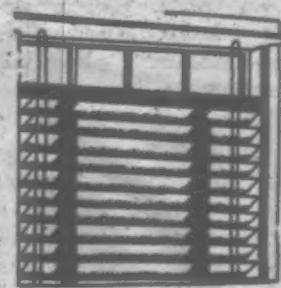
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"Tatters" Proves A Wow In Its Revival

Well, we went again, for the third time, one of the three big times of our life. "Tatters" proved to be, in nine performances at the First Theater in Monterey, the great, big splash of the season. We are deeply grateful to Denny and Watrous and Galt Bell and the cast and the helpers and the walls and the ceiling and everything pertaining thereto.

There is not much more to be said for the cast, not much more than what we have previously said with the aid of expletives and superlatives and anathemas of praise. We should, and herewith do, wrap up a large bunch of those garden asparagus leaves of brilliant red for presentation to Lloyd Weer, who sat in on the villain's part and did it as Lloyd Weer does every part he is asked to fill—right smartly, brothers. Lloyd contributed to the "Tatters" revival a great and considerable, both in song and story.

Speaking of song, the olio in the revival was superb as well as delightfully naughty. The automobile song and the faces-in-the-curtain number were a riot, and that is no loose use of the term. (By the way, may we remark on the sparkling personality of one Connie Clamptett?)

And though modesty should dictate otherwise we insist on calling attention to the lady in the choker who so graciously welcomed you at "Tatters", both this time and at the previous performances. We claim she's a beautiful girl and we claim that existence in THE CYMBAL office is considerably glorified by the fact that we can turn from this damned typewriter every now and then and look at her—even if it is only the back of her lovely neck.

Her name? Jinny. Last name? Scardigli. Husband? Yes. He was on the inside door and took your tickets with efficiency and the sweetest smile any man ever had (according to our wife). Other name beside Scardigli? Remo. Amusement in life? Sculpture. Good? Yes.

Now, rollicking along, we come to smooth, brown, beautiful shoulders, a Spanish costume and a lovely voice and discover it's Rosamond Marble. Rosamond starts the show and she closes it, with the Spanish touch that is both fitting and proper seeing as how the thing was staged where it was and reminiscent of when it was.

In a nutshell, "Tatters" in revival surpassed, if possible, "Tatter" in original. It was a great show, a fine contribution to the joy of life.

—W. K. B.

+

Jean Crouch and her father, R. E. Crouch, drove to Pasadena last Friday to visit Mrs. Crouch and Jean's grandmother, Mrs. Alice Crowell, of Pasadena. Jean, who will play in the cello section of the Bach Festival orchestra, took a lesson with Michel Penha, cellist and director of the Festival, Monday in Los Angeles. She and her father drove back to Carmel the same day.

Premium List and Official Rules Are Announced for Agricultural and Industrial Fair at Monterey

Plans of the Seventh District Agricultural Association to make the annual agricultural and industrial exposition at Monterey the outstanding event of the kind in central coast counties beginning with the 1937 event to be held at Monterey August 12 to 15, inclusive, are set forth in a statement contained in the premium list and official rules and regulations now being distributed to exhibitors. The statement, a foreword of the premium lists, says:

"This, the 1937 Monterey District Fair, will be the fourth agricultural exposition held at Monterey. Unfortunately, the advantages of improvement and expansion possible from unbroken continuity of consecutive annual fairs was lost because of a lapse of four years, 1932 to 1935, inclusive, when no fairs were held.

"Public sentiment in favor of resumption of the fair became so general throughout the country, and so insistent, that early in 1936, a group of influential agricultural, commercial, industrial and educational leaders of the county reorganized the Monterey County Fair, Ltd., for the purpose of reviving the fair. In order to establish right to share of state funds allocated for the encouragement of agricultural fairs, the Seventh District Agricultural Association was organized and became the official sponsor of Monterey County's 1936 Fair.

"The gratifying success of the 1936 exposition, despite handicaps of location, dates, and other obstacles, inspired the executives of the two groups to lay the groundwork for a permanent, annual event. State funds available as a result of the successful fair of 1936 have made this possible. Working closely together in harmony of purpose, the two organizations have taken necessary steps to insure a permanent location and an annual agricultural exposition.

"The new fair-owned grounds, new dates in mid-season of the Monterey Peninsula's most heavily populated period, and a splendid spirit of cooperation augur well for the expansion and success of the annual fair. The full measure of success will, of course, depend on the extent to which the people of Monterey and adjacent counties participate.

"It is the aim and ambition of the allied organizations and the management to build an exposition that will be not merely a repetition of previous efforts, but an enlarged, progressive fair abounding in new and novel features that will be interesting and entertaining as well as educational. All departments have been expanded. Participation and competition have been opened to all and particularly to adjoining coun-

ties. Agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, livestock, poultry, commerce, industry, education, junior activities and all such departments will be represented with suitable exhibits. Entertainment will be new and novel.

"The management bespeaks for the Fourth Annual Monterey District Fair the united support and full cooperation of all individuals, organizations and agencies having at heart the cultural and economic advancement of Monterey and adjacent counties."

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"Tatters" Cast Is Feted Hither And Yon

The cast and associates of "Tatters" have had a gay night life outside of their five performances in this last return engagement. After the dress rehearsal last Thursday a group of 30 sat down at the long tables at Sadé's and dove into 30 bottles of beer. Hostesses for the gathering were Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous and Connie Clamptett, who was production manager for the show.

Saturday night the crowd, supplemented by several members of the Hollywood "Drunkard" cast, drove out the Carmel Valley to the home of Mrs. Eugene Marble for a buffet supper and dance. Norman McNeill and Laura Bride Applegarth drove almost to King City in their efforts to find their hostess' ranch home, which is just eight miles out.

Mrs. Betty Moorhouse, who took the part of Mrs. Major Timberlake in the show, served hot enchiladas to the group which collected at her home on north Camino Real after the Sunday night performance. Star of the evening was Mrs. Moorhouse's blonde cocker pup, Major Timothy Timberlake of Carmel.

+

MEBBE SHE THOUGHT HE WROTE RIP VAN WINKLE

Here's one for Bert Heron. Our little sister-in-law, aged six, describing a neighbor's yard, said: "There were a lot of little Shakespeares all around . . . you know, the little men with beards that sit in gardens." Those plaster gnomes was what she meant, but we'd give an ice cream cone to the person who can figure the connection. She didn't go to see "Midsummer Night's Dream" so that one is out. —V. S.

+

Mrs. Frank Frost, who has been occupying Journey's End on Carmelo street for the past several weeks, has returned to her home in Palo Alto. All four Frost children, Emily, Buddy, Robin and Anne, are taking home a good coat of Carmel tan.

AFTER ALL, YOU CAN GO ANYWHERE WITH A BOOK

If that blessed fog comes up again, crawling around your door and begging to chill your bones, just go over to the Carmel Library and get one of the new travel books. Wrap the old afghan around you and go sailing. Recent books of roaming at the Library are:

Strong, *How to Travel Without Being Rich*; Chapman, *Wilderness Wanderers*; Mercier, *Waiting City*; Maurois, *Miracle of England*; Langdon-Davies, *Behind the Spanish Barricades*; Priestley, *Midnight on the Desert*; Ballou, *Spanish Prelude*; Rivera, *Portrait of Mexico*; Coolidge, *Death Valley Prospectors*; Slocombe, *The Dangerous Sea*; Heiser, *American Doctor's Odyssey*; Belgrave, *Away From It All*; Hedin, *Flight of Big Horae*.

Channing, *Indian Mosaic*; Yeats-Brown, *Lancer As Large*; Ludwig, *The Nile*; Chase, *This England*; Vaughn, *Covering the Far East*; Morton, *In the Steps of St. Paul*; Lockhart, *Return to Malaya*; Rob-

erts, *Gone Swimsunder*; Johnson, *Westward Bound in the Schooner Tanke*; Nichols, *No Place Like Home*.

Miller, *I Found No Peace*; Malone, *The Last Landfall*; Stark, *The Southern Gates of Arabia*; Hoffman, *Heads and Tales*; Rigg, *Southern Crossing*; Taylor, *Odyssey of the Islands*; Harrison, *My Great Wide Beautiful World*; Sinclair, *Kyber Caravan*; Humphries, *Green Mountains to Sierras*.

+

Mrs. Ines Scardigli and her children, Evelyn, Olive and Henry, are visiting with the Remo Scardigli in Pacific Grove.

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CARMEL-ETA INN

930 Club Offers Weekly Dance; Floor Show

This looks like some kind of a racket, but possibly an acceptable one, even for those who are shaken down. The "930 Club" announces its sudden existence, in window cards distributed about town. Then newspaper ads appear and they say: "Carmel's ONLY place to go."

Further reading and investigation inform you that the club bursts itself open this Saturday night, which is tomorrow, in the American Legion Clubhouse on Dolores street, between Eighth and Ninth. That is begins bursting at 9:30 o'clock, from which we are clever enough to deduct it gets its name, and that it will not only permit you to dance at the rate of \$1 per couple, but it will present you free of charge with a floor show. There will be no cover charge: the music will be by Allen Knight and his syncopators, and the cocktails will be by Julian. They precisely do NOT come inside that there dollar aforementioned.

Further, you may learn with delight, this is to continue every Saturday night, starting at 9:30 o'clock, from now until doomsday, or what your interest or the police may decide is doomsday.

+

The Guild of All Saints Church on Monte Verde south of Ocean will hold a benefit sale at the parish house tomorrow starting at 10 o'clock in the morning. Food and fancywork and a booth of White Elephants will be on sale, and tea will be served in the afternoon.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry (Helen Vinson, also of racquet fame) were at Del Monte Lodge over the holidays.

A Baron Archeologist Discovers Carmel And Discovers That He Likes It

We met the Baron just before he left Carmel last Monday to go East and then return for an indefinite time to Peru. With scientific grace and intelligent fervor this man digs. He not only collects his finds (and sells some of them but, praise the Lord, he catalogues them so that students of archeology and anthropology may know their cultural and historical significance and students of the arts may appreciate them esthetically.

Baron Von Schoeler is a self-taught archeologist, but if in his self-instruction he could make our old hard-headed, stiff-bearded anthropology instructor (who was and is a god to our intelligence, no matter how rude he was to us in our undergraduate days), we say, if the Baron can make this man bow him into his office and confer at length with him, then we think we would rather be taught by him than by any other.

To you literal-minded people who must have evidence of the bigness we speak of, go see the Peruvian exhibits in the new wing of the De Young Museum in San Francisco and excuse our ravings.

Von Schoeler is particularly interested in where the people of Peru, that is, the aborigines, came from. He believes with Tijo, the Peruvian Indian anthropologist, that they came from Mexico, but the belief needs further and further proof.

Some of his most valuable finds, of old pre-Inca and Inca textiles, are now being studied by the University of California. One piece that he found exhibits the harm that can be done by a careless worker in this field of priceless antiquities. An earlier investigator, who received much name and fame, dis-

covered a beautiful gauze-like piece of cloth in an old tomb, rolled it in a newspaper and left it under a doorstep of an adobe house. When the Baron found it recently, the cloth, which had been originally dug up in perfect condition after centuries of interment, was practically destroyed by mildew, moths and atmospheric conditions. Preservation is twice as hard after such accidents, in this case preventable.

Von Schoeler says that his home is in Tuscany, but he seems also to be at home in Egypt, Palestine, Germany, South America and most every place on the map. Most recently he has felt very "at home" in Carmel and hopes to return.

—V. S.

+

CARMEL VALLEY WEEK-END TIME OF MANY PARTIES

Carmel Valley was full of house parties over the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. William Parrott of Burlingame entertained a group of 12 at their Valley Ranch home. A dinner was held Saturday night at the Parrott ranch with Spanish music.

Mrs. Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps had six house guests at her ranch and the S. F. B. Morse ranch turned down the covers for six extra guests and had a buffet luncheon Monday in honor of their guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell gave a dinner dance at their Valley home Sunday evening. The Russells were hosts to ten house guests over the week-end.

+

June Jane Ripley of Carmel did a dance on roller skates at the Monterey street dance and entertainment last Saturday night. She was one of the prize-winners in the amateur contest.

SOMEBODY STEALS INK WELL FROM MR. FARLEY

Casualties in Carmel over the July 4 week-end may have been many and varied, but the most important, and the most serious was the theft of an inkwell belonging to one James Farley. It was taken from the sacred precincts of the establishment at the corner of Ocean avenue and Mission streets, operated for Mr. Farley by Mrs. Irene Cator and staff. It appears that this Farley person stands pretty good with the head of the federal government and has the secret service at his call. Every dip the thief makes in that inkwell should cause him to stop and ponder. We know we would.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hastings will be in their Dolores street home

for the next two months. The Hastings live most of the year in Berkeley but come to Carmel in the summer.

+

Martin P. Frost of Berkeley received a gaudy gold star Monday night for attendance at the play at the First Theater. Nine performances is his record.

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ON SIXTH BETWEEN DOLORES AND SAN CARLOS

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Somebody ought to see that the Fourth of July becomes permanently a mid-week holiday, with all persons bent on celebrating the date of our Independence confined in a concrete enclosure, so that the noise of firecrackers will be kept inside, and will echo till the walls shake like Jericho. The walls, however, must be of reinforced concrete, so that no matter how much shaking they do, they won't fall down or let the demented inmates free to roam at large and destroy others' peace of mind, property and even lives.

The Fourth of July is a worthy day of remembrance, but why make it a big business day for all the Orientals who make and sell fireworks? The pyrotechnic is the new Yellow Peril.

For one who intends never to take to the air, any higher than a diving board or a mountain peak, your correspondent has been "second guessing" about the Earhart flight. After a thorough perusal of Robert Dean Frisbie's *Puka-Puka*, Frederick O'Brien's *White Shadows in the South Seas*, and Melville's *Typee*, I am prepared to state that the course from Malaya should have been laid practically due east so that a forced landing might have brought the plane down among the small islands and lagoons that stretch along that part of the sea. Howland Island could be hard for a submarine to find, leave alone an airplane that has to come down sometime. But perhaps the "Cloud of Islands", as the Polynesians call their "country", aren't all that the Geographers crack them up to be.

Carmel gets back to living when the fog rolls in. There may be a lot of howls going around, but that's really the best time to be in Carmel. Second best is after a spring rain, when the sun comes out and shines through crystalline air. Otherwise, Carmel is best when the fog hides the sharp outlines, folds the pines in its scented cloak, and goes stealing away in the canyons.

Last week Monterey's waterfront took on renewed activity. The biggest salmon season in the history of the bay was drawing toward a close, and fishermen were thinking of going north or south to better grounds, when suddenly word came from San Pedro that fishing was good. The albacore run promises to be the best since 1927, the last year this species of tuna showed up in quantities. That was the golden year the fishermen tell of, when fortunes were made in a few days, when men nearly killed themselves to take all the harvest they could in the fleeting hours that bring the albacore.

By night fishing boats could be seen, their red lights rising and falling on the swell, rolling southward. Most of the fleet passed be-

tween two and three in the morning on various nights. Into the bay came also San Francisco boats, gas engines roaring wide open, sails spread before the northwester, and white water creaming all about their hulls as they plunged forward. Some came down from as far north as Port Bragg, two hundred miles behind them, nearly three hundred more before them to Pedro, and how many more, possibly into Mexican waters?

Latest of our paisanos to go fishing is Carl Brown, who worked on the coast road until the Anderson creek camp broke up with the completion of the highway. Brownie went to San Francisco, saw, and was conquered. Now he, too, is headed south. (Paisano among the fleet means countryman: Hence a Slavonian may refer to another Slavonian as "my paisano".)

This is becoming a water-conscious coast, a little more so than for several years. Fine yachts and little tubs of boats go a-traveling in company, and a surprising amount of non-commercial traffic goes on between Monterey Bay and San Francisco. Only the other day I looked out of my window and saw a little white boat go past. Checking up next morning I found it was none other than Leslie White of "Me, Detective", a frequent visitor to Carmel.

You needn't believe it, but Carmel isn't attracting the high-grade trade it used to in summer time. Don't ask me why, because although I know why, I'm not going to state. It ought to be pretty obvious to anyone who has lived here long. We may get more people here over a holiday, but we don't get the kind that paid for quality goods. What with the tendency toward forcing out the little man, as admitted by the mayor of Carmel not so very long ago, and encouraging the rich man to come here to build, we are going to have one of California's best ghost towns. Next winter there will be more dark and empty windows than Carmel ever had before. Just you wait and see, dear reader.

Not so long ago I found a philosopher in blue denim. He lives in Carmel. He has no degree. I think he went through Monterey Union high school. He slowly uttered one of the profound thoughts that doesn't startle, just sounds goofy, until the truth rings out. "When wages go up, it doesn't help the working man," he said. "It makes it harder for him to earn a living." And there are a lot of things to be added to his statement, when a little thought is given to it.

Note for those who can't afford a fishing license: Those little "lobsters" in the Carmel River and

other coast streams—scrivense, if you must use the French name, crayfish to us—are nice and big and plentiful just now. Various means of catching them are used. If you can get into San Clemente dam, a fairly flat hoop net, baited with liver, will get you hundreds. And cooked in very salt water, perhaps with garlic, they are better than most trout. Just a little while now, before the fish and game commission keeps it for the guy who buys a license and a lot of expensive tackle and lies in from some ritzy airport.

Now that the Fourth is over, just two months, folks, to Labor Day.

Seems the Kusters Have Gone Away Some Place

We chattered along beside the Kuster summer home while the garage man went down into the earth to get gas for it and then up for air—and maybe oil.

"Albert Bender loaned us an acre at the headwaters of the Truckee River," Gay Kuster said. "An entire acre."

"It looks," we ventured, "as if you would spill over a little. Even with the canoe far out on the headwaters."

"We could buy standing room," Gay said, scanning the vast length of the trailer. "Besides, Ted doesn't take up as much space as he looks."

"Darling!" said Ted, instantly on the defensive. "It's the trailer that folds up. Not me. You see," he explained, "the trailer opens up and the beds fly out on its wings. We think an acre will do. If Shim doesn't grow any in the next two months. Or I don't feel a summer theatre stealing over me."

"This," said Marcia, "Where I fa' down." Pointing to the scar on her face.

"Her nose is underneath," explained Colin.

"What shall I do if the children fall into the Truckee?" Gay wished to find out.

"There's always habeas corpus," we were glad to add.

Ted manipulated the starting gear. We waved the red badge of the fourth estate. The canoe listed a little in the takeoff. The Kusters were away.

More than 200 attended the dinner dance at Del Monte Lodge last Saturday night. Among them we found several of those glamorous people known as movie stars. Ginger Rogers and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer were there.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghton from Holmby Hills near Los Angeles, had a house party at their home in Pebble Beach over the Fourth.

"VILLAGE FIVE AND TEN" IS NEW NAME; SEE SIGN

"Village Five and Ten" it says now, and looks quite festive and villagey, too.

V. D. Graham, who opened the "Five Cents to One Dollar Store" a year or two ago, has thus announced the change in name—with a new sign over the front of it on Ocean avenue near San Carlos. He surprised the natives with it Wednesday morning of this week. It is, in truth, quite an addition to the line of signs along that block, not so long ago enhanced by the scroll of the Purity Stores a few doorways above.

Phil Nesbitt designed and executed the thing. He has a lot of people, young and old, in sports costumes, or something, gamboling among the letters, tossing them about, you might say.

Tilly Polak entertained about 60 people at her studio on Alta near Junipero at tea Sunday. Guest of honor for the afternoon was Sacha Lautman, Polish portrait painter, who will have his studio at Hotel Del Monte for the next few months. Lautman has several crayon studies at Miss Polak's shop on Ocean avenue.

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The Carmel Cymbal

"As You Like It" At Filmarte

Elisabeth Bergner and old Bill Shakespeare join hands at the Filmarte Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in one of Bill's lightest comedies and Bergner's best performances, "As You Like It". This is the first time the picture has appeared at popular prices and those who had not the pence in purse, and those who did and want to see the picture again, will be flocking to the theater for those three days. Miss Bergner as Rosalind in the disguise of a shepherd boy is attraction enough without all of Bill's lines. As a scenario writer, Bill is a great Hollywood find, what with his lovers and plotters, forbidden trysts, disguises, duels, jousts, jokes and sighs. Laurence Olivier is in the supporting cast, as well as Henry Ainsley and Sophie Stewart. Paul Czinner gets credit for the direction.

Playing tonight and tomorrow at the same theater on Monte Verde will be Miriam Hopkins in "Men Are Not Gods". And opening Wednesday for a two-day run is one of the most interesting of the modern film dramas, the foreign picture "The Eternal Mask". This much-discussed film broke all records at the New York Filmarte Theater and should do the same here. The picture is slightly reminiscent of the famous "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari", which was the story of a disordered mind and its final dissolution. In "The Eternal Mask" we find a cinematic study of a psychic crisis, and an explanation of the cause, the suffering and the cure of one man's nervous breakdown. Seldom do pictures deal with such subjects except in an external superficial manner. Done with technical skill and dramatic intelligence, "The Eternal Mask" should prove interesting to members of the medical profession and to laymen alike.

+

Sam Powers, Old Stage Driver, Dies

When the only connection between Monterey and Carmel was a horse-drawn stage, Samuel Powers, who died here last Friday, was the stage driver. Powers was a native of Illinois and had lived in Carmel for the past 29 years. The stage service was stopped with the advent of autos and Powers took charge of the Pebble Beach toll gate and bowed visitors in and out of the Del Monte Forest for 13 years.

He leaves 12 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren and was 86 at the time of his death. Funeral services were held in Monterey at the A. T. Dorney home, last Tuesday, with the Rev. T. J. Barkle officiating.

+

EVELYN WHITELL TO TALK HERE ON UNITY

Evelyn Whittell, well-known author and lecturer on the lines of Unity, who has recently returned from a world-wide lecture tour, is now in Carmel. Miss Whittell will lecture at the Girl Scout House at Sixth and Lincoln, beginning this Sunday night at 7:30. Other meetings will be Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock and Friday, July 16, at 7:30. The public is invited to the lectures.

Miss Whittell has taken one of the Smartt cottages at Fourth and San Carlos and has her secretary, Miss Evangeline Harradine, with her.

+

Grace Oberle, who left Carmel about a year ago and is now living in San Francisco, is in town for a few days visiting old friends.

Lial Water Color Exhibit Will Open With Lecture



Miss Joan Irving looks at three outstanding pictures from the exhibition of 'The California Group' hung in Margaret Lial's Studio in Monterey. Top is 'Church on the Hill', by Tom E. Lewis of San Francisco. At lower left is 'Murphy's Barn' by George Post, also of San Francisco. Bess Miller of Los Angeles is the artist who painted the third picture, which shows Mrs. Aimee Sample McPherson hovering on wings over her famous temple. It is called 'Apparition Over Los Angeles'.

Lawson P. Cooper, art critic and lecturer, who will speak at Margaret Lial's Studio in Monterey tomorrow night, at the opening of the watercolor exhibit known as "The California Group", believes he has solved the most difficult problem of the lecturer on art.

"Talking about art generally ends in waving one's hands around, and exclaiming over nothing," he says. "But by making slides in full color I am able to demonstrate my

points with good reproductions of the paintings."

The title of Cooper's lecture is "The Untried Domain" and in addition to the colored slides which will illustrate his talk there will be an exhibit of original paintings by eleven of the leading watercolorists of the state. Most of the artists are under thirty years of age.

The lecture will begin promptly at 7:45 tomorrow (Saturday) evening, July 10. Among the artists

who will show work in the gallery are Mildred Sheets, head of the art department of Scripps College; Paul Sample, art instructor at the University of Southern California; Bess Miller, teacher at the Art Center in Los Angeles; Tom Lewis, on the staff of the California School of Fine Arts, and Phil Dike, who is connected with Walt Disney Studios. George Post, whose work has been shown at the Federal Gallery in Carmel, is also represented in the show.

on the way up. Speaking of stars, like Colleen and Marie, Mrs. Williams reports on having attended the Pickford-Rogers wedding in Hollywood.

Rhys will return from Europe by way of the Pacific Ocean, arriving in California in December.

+

Rhys Williams Scooting About

Whew! Just look at the scooting about of the Rhys Williamses!

Mrs. Rhys is in town, staying for a few days in the Jack Gilbert house with young Rhys, and reports as follows:

That Rhys, Sr., author no less of one of the best non-fiction sellers of the day, "The Soviets", is departing New York soon for Europe and will be the one American in official attendance at the 20th anniversary of the Russian Revolution on November 7, the one important American, we should say, who was present at the actual revolution in 1917 which established the Soviet regime.

Mrs. Williams is going from here to Canada next week where, if Rhys doesn't send for her and young Rhys, she will remain for the summer. If possible, Williams will find accommodations for his family in Moscow for the November celebration.

On her way to Canada Mrs. Williams will call on Colleen Moore, whom she knows well, and attend the opening of the star's Doll House. She will also visit the John Douglas Shorts at their summer home in Woodside, Marin County.

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Denny-Watrous To Continue First Theater Plays

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous returned from San Francisco last evening after a conference with the State Park Commissioners. They have been granted permission to present old revival plays in the First Theater in Monterey and to continue in the tradition which they established with "Tatters, the Pet of Squatters' Gulch".

"Tatters" will be repeated next week-end, Thursday, Friday

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Now that another holiday has been and gone, we natives will gather in our sullied gathering places, compute the damage to our battered souls, the swellings of our merchants' coffers, and bewail once more the inroads of that ravaging beast called Progress. That snake-like beast who crawls in long and shining highways down our coasts, with straight and cruel precision through our meadows, breathing fumes of carbon monoxide gas, blaring in the cacophony of a million auto horns, and leaving uprooted in his wake a thousand trees it took as many years to grow.

We saw a lovely, silver hydroplane alight in the ocean not far from Pebble Beach Cove. We are informed that Rafe Riley rowed out, got aboard and flew with the crew to Monterey, much to his personal ecstasy and the distress of his anguished mother.

Seems that Happy Whyte gave a birthday party for Ray Burns which was a tremendous success despite the regrettable defection of the guest of honor who carelessly mislaid himself and neglected to appear.

Stan Delaplaine of *The Chronicle* spent several days here last week. He was forced to return to San Francisco much too soon for our taste as Carmel was in a coy mood and seemed reluctant to furnish him with a story sufficiently absorbing to justify a long sojourn among us.

The last story from Carmel which crashed the San Francisco dailies was so sensational, and so personally involving, that it scared our new policeman completely out of town and into the peaceful security of Pacific Grove where he now makes his abode.

Marcy Brennan, with greater practicality than sentiment, gathered together all the cowering little ducks ringed at the Legion's so "artistic" barbecue and served a duck dinner to a representative group of citizenry on Monday night.

Discerned through a smoky sea of strange amorphous forms, the old and long familiar one of Jimmy Doud, still recognizable through heavy coatings of Continental charm and English homespun. Also the Count Dandini, following his long, heraldicly-crested cigarette aloofly through the crowd.

Despite all our yowlings about Carmel's fading charm, it is still not an easy place to leave without a backward glance. The Baron Von Schoeler returned once more, to say adieu before taking off irrevocably on an archeological expedition to Peru.

To Frank Lloyd, our always interesting Santa Cruzian correspondent who finds the weather too trite for discussion, may we humbly sug-

gest, as an alternative, the San Francisco hotel strike which appears to be almost equally illogical and in the hands of the high, inconstant gods.

—LARRY LAY

Council Is Rather Cold to Business Group's Ideas

(Continued from Page One)

about buying the signs necessary to enforce the two-hour parking law on Ocean avenue and on Dolores street. Hap Hasty, chairman of this particular committee of the association, appealed for the \$175 appropriation for these signs, but his cries went unheard. Nothing was done about this, either.

It appears that in some caucus in the near future these things will be discussed by the council, but as for any success the Business Association had Wednesday night before the city legislators it might just as well have been yelling down a well.

As for other matters which came up, and they were numerous, Major Ralph Coote requested that something be done about flood waters ruining his property in winter. It was rather cute of the Major to bring this up in the summer, when something effective could be done in time for the winter rains, but our guess is that nothing will be done.

It was referred to Jim Thoburn, commissioner of streets, who blandly remarked, in re this flood-control business, that H. F. Cozzens, engineer, who two months ago had promised a flood control plan in two weeks, had not yet been heard from. It's our guess that next January 14, at 2 p. m., the first 1937-38 winter letter protesting flood conditions will be addressed to the city council, and that they will continue at the rate of six a week until the spring. It was always thus and thus, it seems, it will always be.

Birney Adams wrote a letter to the council in which he said seeing as how he had been city inspector for two years and was reasonably good at it, he might be considered by the council for the job of building inspector created by the new building code ordinance. These weren't Birney's words, but that was the idea he wanted to convey. His application was filed, along with one from A. Clay Otto, received last week.

Keith Evans wants to trim a tree, but by golly, he's going to trim no trees until the city council, as a committee of the whole, looks at the trees he wants to trim and the saw he's going to trim 'em with.

Keith also wants to hang a sign out in front of the Forge in the Forest. That's O. K.

It seems that the garbage contract between the city and Mr. Roscelli is lost. Saidee Van Brower thinks Mr. Roscelli may have it. The council hopes so, because it would like to look at it and determine when the darned thing is up. They may want to make another one.

We Liked These St. James Players; We Think They'll Grow on Us

We went to the opening of the St. James Repertory Company's summer season Friday night. We went to enjoy ourselves. We went to hear their interpretation of a play which has caused much controversy between the younger and older generations, and those of conservative and modern tastes and beliefs. We liked their interpretation because, being young themselves, the actors gave our own interpretation.

We liked the play itself, though technically we would not call "Russet Mantle" a play, but rather an exposition, a forum and a debate between two inalienable rights. A play should conclude itself in the final act. This one did not. It was rather like a mirror held up to life and continuously revolving, but never coming back to the original starting point. The framework is the same old story. The girl is a misfit. The boy is a misfit. Boy and girl meet, fall in love, see their mutual differences from the rest of their companions (but not from each other) and are joined together for better or worse, and the conditions that started all the rumpus go on just the same.

The modern sillip of having relations with each other before marriage is just a theatrical trick for a bigger box office, a "strip tease", if you will, and has nothing to do with the actual motivation of the play. A true enough incident, of course, but not necessary to the message Lynn Riggs wishes to give.

Enough of this talk on the theme of the play. For the individual parts in the St. James Repertory presentation, we thought Daisy Belmore the most competent actor on the stage at any time. In the second act she did some fine work. Her experience told definitely in her handling of the lines. Fern Hyde had an amusing, if slightly repulsive part in the character of the flighty, "willowy" mother of the young girl and kept herself well in character. Paye Emerson, after getting over some difficulty in adjusting her voice to the small room in the first act, turned in some very good work in the second act. In fact, the second act was the best of the three, except for Robert Galbraith, who played the young man, John Galt. Galbraith has a good voice, but he needs more restraint, needs to come down a bit out of the Shakespearean clouds which he has been treading so long, and not throw his lines out so violently. We shall be interested in seeing his work in the second play which the company is to put on, "Dangerous Corner". He plays one of the most difficult parts, that of Gordon Whitehouse; and we have rather an idea that he will do it well.

George Bolton took the part of Horace Kincaid in the Lynn Riggs play with the right amount of stuffiness, but the actual pathos of the part was a bit spoiled by the timing. Praise for the bit part is divided between the author and Peggy Burke—Riggs for writing in the

part of the poultry woman, and Miss Burke for taking full advantage of it.

Kendall Power, in spite of his popularity with most of the audience, should visit a Mexican colony some day if he ever has another part like *Pablo* to play. Mexicans, like their little slant-eyed brothers, smile and giggle, but they do not laugh. And, please, Mr. Power, that was an Italian accent you were using, not Mexican. We know, having listened to both over long periods of time. The smaller parts in the play were carried by Harry Hedger, Ellen Leslie and Peter Lundberg, and we shall reserve any comment until we can judge them fairly.

We started this out by saying that we went to the play to enjoy ourselves. We did and we learned something beside. We have a good professional company in Carmel at the Golden Bough Green Room. They will probably do something during the season that will be classed as excellent entertainment.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

Summer arrivals in Pebble Beach include Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hall, who will come from Pasadena on July 15 to stay for two weeks; Mr. and Mrs. Justin Haynes from New York, who will be here for two months; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parish of St. Joseph, Mo., who have spent the last five summers here and are to be in the Pliny Holt house; and Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman of Miami, Oklahoma, who will be in the Charles Wheeler house for several months. The Colemans' son and his wife and children are expected to arrive in three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roos of San Francisco are in the Crocker home in Pebble Beach for the summer.

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STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or 3/4 of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1245. Business licenses, 272. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200.

Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3700.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated title, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.

Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thornburn.

Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.

Commissioner of Police and Light—Joseph A. Burge.

Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.

The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Seider Van Brouwer. Telephone 110.

City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.

Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 1003.

City Inspector—R. W. Adams. Telephone 481.

Tax Collector, License Collector—Telephone 376.

Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen: Earl Wernick, Roy Frasier, Douglas Rogers. Telephone 131.

Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidy. Chief and 21 members are volunteers. Two paid truck drivers. New fire house, on Sixth avenue, between San Carlos and Mission streets, recently completed with aid of WPA. Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERIES

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 7 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

The Federal Art Gallery is on the Seven Arts Court, Lincoln street, just south of Ocean avenue.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, weekdays, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Carol Hulsewe, rector. Telephone 230.

Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south from Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 7 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours, 9 to 5 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays, 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmarte. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ocean avenue and Mission street. New, both American and foreign. Two shows in evening, 7 and 9 o'clock; matinee, Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday, 2:30 p.m. Telephone 403.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. L. J. Lyons, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinee Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in pine woods. Owned by city in park and playground area. Has produced summer plays since 1910. Mountain View avenue, three blocks from Ocean avenue.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.

Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 9:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. B. Abernathy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. West, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 30.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on Dolores street. Telephone 138.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library, and Sixth and Dolores. Telephone 15.

Greyhound 24-hour service. Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office, S. E. corner, Sixth and Dolores. Tel. 15. Leave for Monterey, A. M. 8:10, 9:15 and 11:45. P. M. 12:45, 2:30, 3:45, 7:30 and 8:30. Leave Monterey for Carmel: A. M. 9:00, 11:20. P. M. 12:20, 1:30, 3:15, 4:30, 5:45 and 7:00.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:40 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 2:55 and 6:02 p.m. South-bound railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:55 p.m. Arrivals from north: 11:12 a.m., 6:52 and 9:51 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.

Departures from Monterey: North-bound, A.M. 7:50, 9:35. P.M. 1:05, 2:45, 4:30, 6:45. South-bound, A.M. 9:00, 10:55. P.M. 6:45, 10:10.

Arrivals at Monterey: from Salinas and south, A.M. 8:55. P.M. 12:15, 6:30, 7:35, 9:20. From north, A.M. 10:25, 11:15. P.M. 12:20, 3:00, 4:20, 6:30, 7:35, 11:30.

THINGS TO COME



DRAMA

Golden Bough Green Room on Casanova near Eighth St. James Repertory Company presents J. B. Priestley's mystery drama, "Dangerous Corner", tonight, tomorrow and Sunday. Next week-end, July 15, 16, 17 and 18, three plays of the sea by Eugene O'Neill—"In The Zone", "The Long Voyage Home" and "Where the Cross Is Made". Tickets at Staniford's.

MUSIC

Pacific Grove High School Auditorium, Forest Ave., Pacific Grove. Summer season band and orchestra concert each Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock under direction of Frank Mancini.

Third Annual Bach Festival. July 19 to 25. Five concerts of Bach with orchestra, chorus, soloists of national note, organ recitals and daily lectures on the program. Tickets and information, Denny-Watrous office in Thoburns on Ocean avenue. Phone 62.

FAIR

Monterey County Fair. August 12 to 15. County exhibits, peanuts, popcorn and sideshows. Official costumes, jeans and a bandana.

ROUTINE REVEL

Football on the beach. C. M. T. C. boys versus C. M. T. C. boys. No score.

Badminton at the Mission Ranch Club.

Beer.

MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde near 8th. Two performances at 7 and 9 p.m. Matinee Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and tomorrow, Miriam Hopkins in "Men Are Not Gods". Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, "As You Like It" with Elizabeth Bergner. Wednesday and Thursday, foreign-made film, "The Eternal Mask". Friday and Saturday, Maurice Chevalier in "Beloved Vagabond".

Carmel Theater. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in "Romeo and Juliet". Saturday, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson and Humphrey Bogart in "Kid Galahad", also "Tundra". Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in "A Star Is Born". Wednesday, Margaret Lindsay and Jeffrey Dean in "Song of the City". Thursday, Friday, Charles Ruggles and Eleanor Whitney in "Turn of the Moon" and Richard Dix and Joan Perry in "The Devil is Driving".

OPENINGS

Swimming pool at Mission Ranch Club this week-end. Cement tank, with sand for sun bathing and trees for poetry.

Tennis Courts. May open a week from tomorrow. May not.

San Simeon Highway. Some time next year.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bryant and their daughter Elodymaz, and Mrs. Julia MacKennon, of Fresno, were among those who landed in Carmel from the San Simeon Highway. They spent two nights on the Peninsula and visited part of the time with Mrs. MacKennon's niece, Mrs. W. K. Bassett.

+

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

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MISCELLANEOUS

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Technicolor Shots Of 'Tatters' Taken

The ghosts of the historic First Theater in California turned over in their graves, or rafters, or wherever they hang out, Monday night after the final performance of "Tatters". Jack Swan practically fell out of his picture on the wall as he stuttered "technicolor" through his beard.

Richard Bare of the Filmarte and Bob Edgren took shots of some of the leading spots from the play and olio in sound and color.

It would be hard to record the look of despair which came over Mary Henderson's face when she heard herself talking from the disk. And no one of the group present even breathed for the few awful seconds after Dick Bare tripped on a cord and went down with the camera on top of him. The camera was uninjured, however, being well padded with blankets (to keep the sound from the recording machine), better padded, we opine, than Dick was.

Blackie O'Neal directed the actors with great gusto, and what with the lights and shoutings of "speed", "camera", "action" and "cut", the old building got about as close to Hollywood as we hope it ever will.

The pictures will have a national release.

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Dangerous Corner Now Repertory Offering

The cast for the second of the St. James Repertory plays, J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner", which opened last night at the Golden Bough Green Room (too late for a review in this issue) includes Daisy Belmore as Maud Mockridge, a novelist; Edith Rose, Oliver Peel, secretary to the publishers; Faye Emerson, Freda Chatfield, Robert's wife; Ellen Lealie, Betty Whitehouse, Gordon's wife; George T. Bolton, Charles Stanton, one of the publishers; Robert Galbraith, Gordon Whitehouse, Freda's brother, and Peter Lundberg, Robert Chatfield, head of the publishing firm. The play title refers to that dangerous corner between whole truth and half-truth and the drastic consequences which might ensue if all the truth came out. The psychological study is woven around a fast moving mystery murder drama.

Rev. and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley have returned from a fortnight's vacation in the Bay Region and Yosemite Valley. Rev. Bodley will preach the Sunday sermon at the Community Church on "The Power and the Glory of Life".

Two new additions to the St. James Repertory Company are Edith Rose of San Francisco, who takes a part in the present production, and Everett Gray from New York, who is in charge of the technical end of the show.

an old Southern recipe
... the original one from New Orleans
... is responsible for the fact that so many folks say the Snack serves the finest Planters' Punch to be had.

Carmel's Assessed Valuation Raised 23 Per Cent by Tavernetti; Increase Is Highest in Monterey County

Carmel's property valuations go up with a 23 per cent jump in 1937 over 1936, according to the new assessment roll filed yesterday by County Assessor Walter R. Tavernetti.

Tavernetti assesses Carmel \$4,026,890 for tax purposes. The 1936 figure was \$3,278,400.

This city's jump in Tavernetti's figures is higher than the increase in any other city in the county. Salinas is advanced from \$9,072,468 to \$10,711,615, or 18 per cent. Monterey is increased only from \$8,047,340 to \$8,132,400, or one per cent.

It is believed that large building activities in Carmel for the past twelve months are responsible for the big jump.

The county valuation goes up from \$68,828,416 to \$77,948,213.

Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Buntley, Jr., of San Francisco, have bought the Tobin Clark house in Pebble Beach. They will move in next week and make their home there permanently.

Mrs. James Cooke is back in town. She has been up Alaska way.

Jeanne Rutherford and Olive Crispe of Berkeley are vacationing here until July 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Seligman, Richard Black and Edwin Hedekin were guests of Abbie Lou Bosworth over the holidays.

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William Wyler, Hollywood director, was among the many movie folk in Carmel over last week-end. We saw him taking notes last Saturday night at some play that was on at the First Theater in Monterey.

Ivy Van Cott gave a skating party at the Prince of Wales skating rink on Del Monte Highway Wednesday evening.

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